

of salvation. These angels would not be pleased if the woman were to be shaven, and pray and prophesy without this significant token of power.

Verse 11. "Nevertheless, neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord."

Verse 12. For as the woman is of the man even so is the man also by the woman, but all things of God."

In conclusion, verses 13-16: "Judge in yourselves, is it comely that a woman pray unto God uncovered?" It is not. She should have long hair in token of her relationship to man, and she should have a becoming cover over this natural covering to represent her relationship to Christ and her faithful subjection to him.

(14.) "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" Yes, it does. It would make him appear like a woman, and as a token it would signify that he had laid aside his natural dignity—his place in nature—and that he acknowledged some earthly lord. "It is a shame unto him." (15) "But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her, for her hair is given her for a covering." It is a glory to her because she wears it in strict accordance with the purpose and will of God.

If we should receive the reading in the Diaglott a few questions would arise: (1) If "her hair has been given to her instead of a veil, what kind of a veil did woman have before and at the time that her hair was given to her instead of a veil?" (2) If her hair is to be worn instead of a veil how is it to be worn so as to take the place of a veil? Is it to hang around her head and over her face?

(16.) "But if any man seem to be contentious," contending that it is proper for women and men in "praying and prophesying," to appear alike, "We have no such custom, neither the churches of God.

Brother, sister, is it plain?
If 'tis not, please come again;
Tell us what you wish more bright,
And our Sun will furnish light.

May we ever be zealous in the discharge of our duties in our relationship to each other, to Christ our head and to God the head of all.

Lathrop, Cal.

Incompleteness

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think, if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish was granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart,—
Life would be disenchanting.

—Anon.

Home Circle

THE BOOK WITH THE QUIANT RED LEATHER COVER

The old kitchen of my childhood,
With its fireplace and its delf,
Was made hallowed by the presence
Of the Book upon the shelf,
Where for years its quaint old covers
Caught the firelight's ruddy flame,
For the Book and old red cradle
Were there long before I came.

It has shared a place beside me
In many a childish nap,
For my mother used to rock me
With it resting on her lap;
And e'en now through years of changes
Tender memories are stirred
By the rocking of a cradle
Or the reading of the Word.

I've a picture of my mother,
I can close my eyes and see,
Bending o'er those sacred pages
With us all about her knee;
And we never missed her blessing
When the evening prayers were said,
And she closed the leather covers,
While she tucked us up in bed.

There's no cradle gently rocking
On the old home kitchen floor,
And no children just at nightfall,
Press in through the open door;
But the dear old family Bible,
Teaching its eternal truth,
Is the one unchanged possession
Which outlives a vanished youth.

—Annie J. Grannis' "Skipped Stitches"

THE CHILD

Was there ever anything more lovely, did there ever anything appeal more strongly to every heart than an innocent child in the cradle. It is so like a wee birdie lying happily chirping in a nest so snug and warm, hanging in the tall boughs of the tree tops safe in sunshine and in storm, altho the wind blows through the branches and rocks the birdie's cradle to and fro.

I once saw a picture that I think would touch a responsive chord in the heart of every one who sees it. The artist surely left nothing more to be desired in the design. It was this:

Lying asleep in an antique cradle, richly ornamented with curious carvings, is a lovely babe, its clustering sunny hair brightly contrasted with the downy pillow. Bending tenderly over the sleeping child is the beautiful figure of an angel robed in spotless white, and seemingly whispering to the slumbering babe, sweet, heavenly messages of love and peace. The picture is a charming representation of the beautiful thought expressed in the well known lines:

"Hush my babe,
Live still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed."

Year after year this same child is taught the different elements of interest and ennoblement; but how many mothers, in their various teachings watch the plate of religion in the development of the child? At an early age the matter is in all likelihood, made worse by the teaching of some of the various creeds. In the meantime, parents must know

that they are directly responsible for the ethical conduct and the moral status of their little ones. Their every act has its bearing just as every touch of the potter's hand has some little share in the final result of his work. The constant repetition of such goes to make up a child's personality.

As children learn conduct by direct imitation, they should have their models constantly before them, and they must be supplied by the persons who help to form their environment.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his works be pure and whether it be right. Prov. 20: 11. One may not expect children to have reasonable convictions, but one may be sure that they will readily enough follow repeated examples.

Instead of fine influences one constantly sees grotesque effects of religious training, twisted ideas, twisted relations, twisted motives and plans of conduct that are touchingly ridiculous in the lack of concord. It is even more touching to notice how parents, unconsciously, recognizing the child's inability to absorb truly religious ideas, smile at his errors, seek to reprove him, and promise various sorts of vengeance from on high in case of violating of ordinary rules. But how wrong, for if the parent does not attempt to explain matters, if the child can not rightly understand, it may have a tendency to create doubt too soon in his mind in what has already been planted and rooted. If not turned from fallible ideas he will think of God as a big man who lives far away, and whose powers are strange and at times oppressive. He will think of Him as a being who is moved by caprice, by anger, in short, by the various impulses that move human beings. From his parents he readily assimilates the conception that God is constantly spying upon him in order to find out his misdeeds; his attitude toward God is one of fear and often of repulsive ideas, which while they were represented to hold all holiness and precious truth really contain many germs of error, of superstition—it stands to reason, I say, that under such conditions his beliefs in the whole system must be shaken. And while this is unquestionably unfortunate, it would doubtless be even more so for him to continue these beliefs, which he was able to feel as a child, into the time of manhood. An adult looks to his deity for an elevating strength of soul, but the child looks at it as an adjunct to the household.

In order to see how well this agrees with facts we need only take some characteristic anecdotes of children's religious feelings. They often see no difference between things earthly and heavenly, and honestly speak out what is in their minds. A child about the age of ten years was in the habit of repeating grace at the table. One day, after finishing the usual prayer, he said that he had said those very same words time after time, that he was beginning to tire of them, that he thought God must be weary of hearing monotonous repetitions of the same ideas. Another case is that of a little girl about